Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you need:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For

For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?
Bion. I sir ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.
Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vse your manners discreetly in all kinde of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, you master *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou aske mee why, Sufficeth: my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Presenters above speakes.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely: Comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petrucio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: and I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.
Gru. Knocke sir? whome should I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.
Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I should knocke you heere sir.
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.